PSALMES
OR PRAYERS
taken out
of ho=
lye
scripture.

Londini.
AN.M.D.XLV.

1534

Psalmo. 101.

The lorde turneth hym vnto the prayer of the poore destitute, and despiseth not their prayer.

Colloss. 4.

Continue in prayer, and watche in the same, with thankes geuyng.

1. Thessal. 5.

Reioyce alwaie, praie continually, in all thynges be thankfull: for this is the will of GOD in CHRISTE IESV towarde vs.



¶ The fyrst psalme.

For the obteinyng remissi-
on of synnes.



LORDE OF lordes, God almyghty, great and dreadefull, whyche by thy word hast made heauen, earthe, the sea, and all thynges conteyned in them.

Nothyng is able to resist thy power, thy mercy is ouer all thy workes.

All thynges be vnder thy dominion and rule: both man and beast, and all liuyng creatures.

Thou art mercifull to whom thou wilt: and hast compassion on whom it pleaseth the.

Thy counsaile shall stand for euer: and what so euer thou wilt shall be done.

Power, dominion, and glory is thine: whiche arte aboue all thynges, and in all thinges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mercies, and god of all grace, peace, and comforte: whiche wilte not the death of a synner, nor deliteste in the damnacion of soules.

O lorde god, whiche art riche in mercie, and of thine especiall loue towardes vs, euen whan we were thine enemies by sinne diddest sēd into the world thine onely begottē son Jesus Christ: that who so euer beleueth duely in hym, shall not perishe, but haue euerlastyng life.

Haue

Haue mercie vppon me, haue mercie vppon me, accordyng to thy great mercie.

And accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies, put awaie myne offences.

O god moste holy, wasshe me from my wickednes, and make me clene frō mine vncleannesse.

For I acknowledge (O lorde) mine heinous synnes: and accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteous dedes.

I confesse against my selfe the wickednesse of my herte, whyche hath ben euer vnfaithfull, and rebelling against thy preceptis.

I haue beene an vntrue and a froward childe to the, and haue prouoked the with my vanities

O holy father, I haue offen-

ded thy diuyne maiestie: and am not worthy to be called thy son.

Because I prouoked the to angre throughe the multitude of my synnes: & haue not exercised my selfe in thy rightfull lawes.

I haue turned backe from thy waies, and done euil before the:

I haue done wickedly, and vntustly behaued my selfe, leauing thy commaundementes, & murmuryng against thy correccion.

I haue turned my selfe away, and not kept my promyse made vnto the: I haue walked in an euill waye after mine owne thoughtes and fantasies, chosyng the thinges that thou woldest not.

O lord god almightie I haue not feared the, nor shewed due reue-

reuerence vnto the: but I haue
been disobedient and stubburne
against the.

As a common harlot is with-
out shame, euen so am I with-
out shame of my synnes: for be-
hold, I speake vnto the, and yet
I synne more and more.

I haue lefte that whiche is
good, and gone backe from the:
and I haue not put my truste
and hope in the, my maker, but
haue sought for helpe and saue-
garde otherwise.

I haue plowed wyckednesse,
and reaped iniquitie, and eaten
the fruite of lyes: because I
haue trusted in mine owne way.

I haue cast thy lawes behynd
my backe, not regardyng thy
commandementes, nor leauyng

mine owne leude customes.

I haue not geuen my herte to retourne to thy pathes: For I wolde not know the, but haue fallen through mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this daie turned truly vnto the with all my hert: but as a woman that breaketh hir fidelitee and promise vnto hir husband, euenso (o lord god) I haue broken my promyse vnto the.

For I haue liued abhominably, & haue had no remors nor repentaunce for my euill dedes, but haue runne from synne to synne, folowyng the lewde desyres of my hert.

Thou knowest all thynges (O lord) how I haue prouoked the to displeasure by my lewde in-

uenci-

uencions : and none of all my ſynnes behid from the.

I hated thy diſcipline and cor-rection : and regarded not thy wordes and ſaiynges.

I haue not done penaunce for my malice : but haue encreaſed in muche haultee.

My hert hath been voyde of trueth : and my handes haue wrought vnrihtuouſneſſe.

My tonge hath ſpoken ſinfully : and I haue labored with the imaginacion of my hert to fynd out lyes and deceites, and no trueth hath ben in my wayes.

I haue accuſtomed my tongue to ſpeake trifles and vanitees, fulfillynge my fleſſhely deſyres and thoughtes : my purpoſes and inuencions haue ben

contrary to thy wyll, wherby I haue offēded the eies of thy maiestie.

Thou hast sene all these thynges (O lorde) and haste holden thy peace, and yet thei were euil in thy syght, and displeased the.

In thy angre thou haste caste me away, and art diuided from me now many daies.

Thou haste geuen me vp to the desyres of my hert: to do the thynges whiche be not semyng.

Wo I am, that I haue goue from the, greatte is my myserie, that I haue led my life in sinne.

Wo is me, that I haue forsaken the to do my deuises, not after thy mynde, to accomplyshe my thoughtes, whiche haue not proceded of thy spirite, but haue hea=

heaped vp ſynne vpon ſynne.

Myne infamie and repꝛoche is daily befoꝛe myne eies: and foꝛ ſhame I dare noꝛ ſhewe my face.

And nowe (O loꝛde god) why foꝛgetteſt thou me? why kepeſt thou awaiꝛ ſo longe thy mercie from me?

Here now my cauſe graciouſly. although thou haſte ben diſpleſed with me a great whyle: foꝛ thou art mercifull: be not angry alwaies I beſeche the.

Caſt not away a contrite and a penitēt perſon, a wꝛetche, and an abiect, whiche humbly calleth vpon thy name.

Turne agayne a littell toward me, O loꝛde god, and foꝛgeue me my miſcheuous dedes.

Oꝛ=

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Thou hast sene all these thynges (O lorde) and haste holden thy peace, and yet thei were euil in thy syght, and displeased the.

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Wo is me, that I haue forsaken the to do my deuises, not after thy mynde, to accomplyshe my thoughtes, whiche haue not proceded of thy spirite, but haue hea=

heaped vp synne vpon synne.

Myne infamie and repzoche is daily befoze myne eies : and foz shame I dare not shewe my face.

And nowe (O lozde god) why forgettest thou me? why kepest thou awai: so longe thy mercie from me?

Here now my cause graciously. although thou haste ben displesed with me a great whyle: foz thou art mercifull: be not angry alwaies I beseche the.

Cast not away a contrite and a penitēt person, a wzetche, and an abiect, whiche humbly calleth vpon thy name.

Turne agayne a littell toward me, O lozde god, and fozgeue me my mischeuous dedes.

Oz=

Ordre me not accordyng to my synnes, nor punisshe me as my wickednesse deserueth.

Shew not forth thy power against a poore wretche: persecute hym not so sore, whiche is without al strength.

Turne not thy face away from my prayers: but accordyng to thy promisses, take me agayne vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O rightuous father) whom thy onely deere sonne hath redeemed with his precious bloudde.

And now my soule abhorreth my old conuersacion: and of the (whiche arte iudge of all men) I aske mercy.

I do submit my self vnder thy mighty hande: for after thyne angre

angre thou shewest mercie, and in the tyme of tribulacion thou doest forgeue synnes.

I acknowledge, that I am a synner, beseechyng the, lorde god almightie, of thy goodnesse to do with me accordyngly to thy great mercie.

I am confounded and asha-med to lifte vp myne eies vnto the, for my synnes are ascended vp vnto thy syght.

Against the (O father) against the I haue synned, and done euill before the: thou seest that mine iniquitee is great.

Truely I haue been an offen-der against the, euen from my cradle, and syns I sucked my mothers brestes I haue not ces-sed to do euill.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitee: & my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with synne.

For the corne of an euyll sede is sowed in my herte, and howe much wickednesse hath spronge therof vnto this day, thou knowest, O lorde.

I can not shake of my synnes and offences, but I cary stylle with me thinfamie of my youth.

Beholde lorde, I am sold vnder synne: and in my flesshe I fynde not that whiche is good.

For the good that I woulde, that do I not, but the euyll that I hate that I do.

All the thoughtes and imaginacions of my hert, haue ben set to do euil, euer sens I was yōg.

O why do I die in my synnes lorde god: seyng thy will is not that a synner die, but retourne from his synne and lyue?

For thou art good and mercyfull, and accordynge to thy great mercy, sauest theim that be vnworthy.

For albeit no man is able to beare the punischement, whiche thou doest threaten against synners, yet the mercy, whiche thou hast promysed, is great and vnsercheable.

Thou haste shewed mercy a thousand tymes heretofore: to make thy name glorioulse as it is euen yet styll.

The olde fathers in their necessities cried vnto the, & thou dyddest delyuer them: they put

their

their truſt in the: and they were not confunded.

When they were at their wittes ende, and wiſte not what to do: this was their onely refuge, to lift vp their eis to the.

Thou diddeſt ſaue theim for thy names ſake, to ſhew in them thy myght and ſtrength.

Many a time they prouoked the thorough theyr iniquitees, and ſtirred thy goodneſſe to diſpleaſure.

Yet when thou ſaweſt theyr tribulacion, and their lowly ſubmiſſion vnto the,

Thou diddeſt remembre thy promiſe, and by and by haddeſt pitie and compaſſiō vpon them: accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord God omnipotent) haue mercy vpon me: for I am a miserable and a wretched creature: Make me hoole I beseche the, whom thou hast striken for my synne and iniquitee:

My soule is troubled greatly: and how longe (O lorde) wylte thou not loke towardes me:

How long wilt thou reiect my praïer thus cryngout vnto thee wylt thou heare me at no tyme: how longe wylt thou tourne awaye thy face from me:

Where be thy olde mercies (O lord) whom thou hast stablished in thy truth.

Wilt thou now (O lorde god) ceasse to shew mercy: or wylte thou withdrawe thy goodnesse

for displeasure.

Haste thou caste me away for euer: that thou wilt neuer here after be pleased with me?

Thy hande is not weakened, but it maie helpe: and thy eares be not stopped, that they refuse to heare.

Howe longe shall my mynde be troubled with peynefull and heauy thoughtes? Howe longe shall sorow tourment my hert?

Howe longe shall mine enemy haue the ouerhande of me? loke towardes me (lorde god) and here my praier.

Geue lyght to myne eies, for I haue slepte to longe in deathe: and my synnes haue preuayled against me.

Turne againe, O lorde, turne

againe

againe, and deliuer my soule: and saue me for thy great mercies sake.

Nowe is the accepted time: nowe be the daies of health and grace.

In death who shal remembre thee: or in hell who shall laude or praise thee?

He that liueth, he that lineth, shall praise thee: and shall make thy mercy knowen.

Lorde, rebuke me not in thyne angre: nor punysche me in thy great displeasure,

Cast not thy dartes at me: nor lay not thy heauy hande vppon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a longe while, and of the cuppe of thy hygh displeasure I haue

dronke very depe.

There is no health in my flesh for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor rest, when I beholde my synnes.

My iniquitees bee gone ouer my hed: and like an heauy burdein they daily presse me doune.

The woundes in my soule do fester and stinke euen thorough mine owne foly.

I am a wretche cast away from thy fauour and presence, and go mournyng all the day long.

My soule is full of filthinesse, and no part of me is whole and sounde.

Wherfore my enemies do persecute me the more, the gretnesse of my peyne maketh me to rore and crie.

My herte fainteth and trem=
bleth within me, and my strēgth
is gone awaie.

O lorde, thou knowest my de=
sire, and thou seest my necessitee.

Forgeue me all my synnes
(O lorde god almightie) for thy
owne sake, and put out of thy
syght my heynous offences, for
according to thy goodnesse thou
haste promised forgeuenesse of
sinnes to them that do penance.

Haue mercie on me lorde, for
the glorie and honoure of thy
name, and be no longer displea=
sed with me, and then thou shalt
surely be knowen to be iust and
true in thy wordes, and shalt o=
uercome when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy great grace
shalbe knowen: that thou takest

mercy on them, whiche haue not wherof they maie glorie in thy syght.

And all the dwellers on ẏ erth shall lerne and know thy goodnes, whan thou shalt conferre & geue thy benefites to vs for thy great names sake, and not after our euill waies & wicked dedes.

Verily lord god, except thou shew vnto vs thy manifold mercies, the worlde shall not haue life, nor they that dwell therein.

And if thou helpe vs not with thy goodnesse, howe maie they whyche haue offended, be reysed vp from theyr synnes?

Haue mercy on me, O good father, haue mercie on me, and for thy glorious name, bee no longer angry with me.

Take

Take me sinner vnto thy mercy for the name of thy holy son Jesu, whom thou haste sente to be the obteiner of mercy for our synnes thorough faythe in his blonde.

Beholde holy father, beholde thy chylde, whome thou haste chosen: behold thy welbeloued sonne, in whome thy soule delyteth: vpon whom thou haste put thy holy spirite, and sent hym to preche the gospel to the poore, to heale them, whiche for theyr sinnes be sorowful and contrite: to comfort theim that mourne, to preach pardon to the prisoners, and sight to the blynde.

Beholde thy litell one, whyche was borne for vs: beholde thy son, whiche is geuen to vs,

whome thou haſte not ſpared, but geuen to death for vs all, to be a ſweete offeryng and a ſacrifice to the.

Uerily he tooke vpon hym, in his bodie, oure infirmitees, and he bare our peines.

He was made weake for our ſynnes: and he was wounded for our offences.

The correction for our peace was layde vpon hym, and by the ſtrokes that he ſuffred, our woundes were healed.

All we went a ſtray like ſheepe, euery one folowed his owne way, and thou (O lorde) putteſt on him our iniquitees, ſtrikyng hym for the offences of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten

and

and his chekes to be ſtriken, he tourned not away his face from them that ſcorned hym, and ſpit vpon him.

Through his loue and mercy, he hath redemed theim that were loſte, and by his bloudde ſhedde on the Croſſe, he hath pacified all thinges in heauen and earth.

He gaue hym ſelfe to death, and made his praiers for theim whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercyfull father) and cõſider, who it is that thus dydde ſuffre: and remembre (I beſeche the) for whom he hath ſuffred.

For this is that innocente, whom thou gaueſt to death for vs, euen than whan we were

sinners: and shall we not, beyng now iustified by his bloude, muche rather be saued from wrath through hym?

If we, when we were yet enemies, were reconciled to the by the death of thy sonne: shall we not beyng reconciled, muche rather be saued by hys life?

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whiche taketh awaie the synnes of the world, by whose precious bloud we are redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vppon that moste meke innocent, whiche like a lambe was led to his death: and beyng most cruelly entreated, ones opened not his mouth.

Beholde thyne onely sonne, whom although thou begattest

of

of thy almighty power, ſubſtãce and nature: yet thou woldeſt he ſhuld be ptaker of my infirmity

Whiche beyng god in nature thought it no rauin to be equall with god, but made hym ſelfe low, takyng vpon him the ſhape of a ſeruaunt, and commyng in the ſimilitude of ſynfull fleſhe, condemned ſynne in the fleſſhe, ſubmittyng hym ſelfe vnto the D father, euen to the deathe of the croſſe, and there put out the hand writyng that was againſt vs conteyned in the lawe wrytten, & takyng it out of the waie, faſtened it to his croſſe, on the which he ſpoiled poteſtates and powers, and made a ſhewe of them openly, and triumphed ouer theim in his owne perſon.

Turne

Turne the eyes of thy maie-
ſtie (O lord god) and loke vpon
the worke of thy ineffable good-
neſſe.

Behold thine owne ſwete ſon,
how all his body was drawen
and ſtretched forth on the croſſe.

Loke vppon all the partes of
his bodye, from the crowne of
the heade vnto the ſole of the
fote, and no peine ſhalbe founde
like vnto his peine.

Behold (O louyng father) the
bleſſed heade of thy deere ſonne
crowned with ſharpe thornes,
and the bloude runnyng downe
vpon his godly viſage.

Beholde his tender body, how
it is ſcourged: his naked breſte
is ſtriken and beaten: his blod-
dy ſide is thraſted through: his

hert

herte panteth: his ſinewes bee ſtretched forth: his godly eyes daſell and loſe their ſyght: his princely face is wanne and pale, his pleaſant tongue is inflamed for peyne: his inwarde partes waxe drie and ſtarke: his armes both blew and wanue be ſtiffe, his bones be plucked one from an other: his beautyfull legges be feble and weake: and the ſtremes of bloudde iſſuyng out of his bodie, runne downe apace vpon his fete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the humanitee and tentilneſſe of thy dere ſonne: and pitie the infirmitee of thy weake hãdy worke.

Beholde (O glorious father) the body of thy dere ſonne, all to rente and torne: and remembre

I be-

Turne the eyes of thy mate-
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herte panteth: his sinewes bee stretched forth: his godly eyes dasell and lose their syght: his princely face is wanne and pale, his pleasant tongue is inflamed for peyne: his inwarde partes waxe drie and starke: his armes both blew and wanue be stiffe, his bones be plucked one from an other: his beautyfull legges be feble and weake: and the stremes of bloudde issuyng out of his bodie, runne downe apace vpon his fete.

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I be-

I beſeche the, of how ſmall ſub-
ſtance I am.

Loke vpon the peyne of hym that is both god and man: and releaſe the miſery of mã, whom thou haſte made.

Behold the greuous ſufferyng of the redemer, and forgeue the ſynne of hym that is redemed.

Kepe me from all euill waies: and teache me by thy holy ſpi-
rite, to chooſe the waie of truth.

I beſeche the (O thou kynge of holyneſſe) by hym that is moſt holie, by this my redemer Chriſte, that thou bryng me a-
gaine into the ryght waie, that I maie be vnited and made one with hym in ſpirite, whiche ab-
horred not to be vnited with me in fleſche.

Wake

Make me to goe perfectly in thy pathes: and to hate all wicked waies.

Walshe my hert from malice, and clense me from my secrete synnes.

Clense me (O holie father) with the bloude of the newe testamēt of thy welbeloued son: whiche hath loued vs, and walshed vs with his bloude from our synnes, and hath redemed vs from all iniquitee.

Purifie my hert by the sanctificacion of thy spirite, and the sprinklyng of the bloude of thy sonne, from all filthinesse of syn, and euyll conscience.

O god almighty, be mercifull vnto me sinner: for thy glorious name sake, and remembre my

synnes

ſynnes no longer.

For thou arte god, gracious and mercyfull, and pacientely doſt ſuffre vs: and woldeſt that no man ſhould periſhe, but that al men ſhuld returne to penãce.

Make me (O lorde god) to returne from my euyll waies and wycked thoughtes.

Remembre not the ſinnes and abhominacions of my youthe: accordyng to thy mercy, be mindful of me for thy goodneſſe ſake O lorde.

Loke not vpon me with a greuous countenance: for there is no man that dare ſpeake for me.

Entre not into iugement with thy ſeruaunt, for if thou accuſe me, I ſhall neuer be quitte.

For if thou (O lorde) marke my

my ſynnes and iniquitee: who ſhall not fall before the?

This is certaine and ſure, that than in thy ſight no man liuyng ſhalbe iuſtified, ſeyng thou haſt found iniquitie euen in thy angelles.

Howe muche rather in man, which is abhominacion and filthineſſe, & dwelleth in the earthly houſe of this body, and drynketh iniquitie as it were water?

Who is clene from filthineſſe, whan al be corrupted: truly not one: no though he haue lyued but one daie on the earthe: and though his monethes maie be eaſily numbred.

Of a trueth there is no mortall man, whiche hath not done wickedly: nor there is any right

wise on earth, which doth good, and synneth not.

Yet because mercy is in thy hande (O lorde) although thou be dredeful, my hope is in the, in whom my soule trusteth.

My soule loketh for the, because mercie and plentifull redempcion is with the.

For this I knowe assuredly, that thou wilt not cast me away for euer: but although thou cast me awaie for my synnes a while, yet thou wilt haue mercye vpon me againe, according to the multitude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lorde) arte full of pitie and mercy: and wylte not turne thy face awaie from vs, if we will returne to the.

Thou art our god, full of swe-

teneſſe, veritee, and pacyence, and diſpoſeſt all thynges by mercie.

The fountaynes of thy goodneſſe be euer ful and flowe ouer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies be mercie and trueth to them that ſeke out thy couenaunt and teſtymonies.

Howe gentle and louynge the father is to his children, ſo gentle & louyng arte thou (O lorde) to theim that feare the, and for the haboundaunce of thy mercy thou doeſt perdon our infirmities.

Thou knoweſt thyne owne handy worke: thou remembreſt what we are: thou ſeeſt that we are fleſhe, and of no ſtrength. Thou haſt not forgotten, that

this worlde is full of vnrygh=teousnesse and wickednesse: and that it is wholy sette and bent on euill.

Yet neuertheles thou art mer=cyfull, and full of grace, and like a mercifull lorde, forbearest to punish synners, whan thei re=pent them selfe, and returne frō their synnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord god my sauiour) for the glorie of thy name: and delyuer me, and forgeue me my synnes for thy names sake.

O right vouse father, loke not strattely vpon the multitude of my synnes: but loke on the face of Jesu thy holy sonne, whiche beyng without synne, bare our synnes in his bodie on the tree

of

of the crosse.

Turne awaye thy face from my synnes: and put out all my iniquities.

Make a cleane hert in me (O god) and renue me with a ryght spirite.

Caste me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me againe the comforte of thy helpe: and stablisshe me with thy mighty spirite.

Mollifie my herte (O lorde god) that I may returne to thy pathes: for I haue wandred ouer longe in the waie of errour:

Tourne me to the, and I shal be turned: for thou art my maker: and I am the claye and worke of thy handes.

Turne not thy face awaie from me, nor goe not from thy seruant in thyne angre.

Be my helper, and forsake me not: dispise me not (O lorde) whi che art my God, and my healthy. Amen.

¶ The second psalme
For remission of synnes.

O Most myghty god of aungels & of men: whose iudgementes be vnserchable: & whose wisdome is profound and depe.

Here the prayers of thy seruaunt: and caste not awaie the humble suites of thy poore creature and handy worke.

For as longe as I shall lyue, I will speke vnto the: and I wyll not

not holde my peace, so longe as the breath is in my body.

I do turne my soule vnto the, and I set mine eies directly vpon the.

Leat thine angre be turned away from me, I beseche the, and graunt, that I maie finde grace and fauour in thy syght.

Accordyng to the greatnesse of thy mercie, forgeue me all my synnes.

Plucke me away from mine heinous offences: and heale my soule, whiche hath offended the, make me free from the guilt of my transgression: for I acknowlage my iniquitie, and am sory for my synnes.

I haue forsaken thy way, and I, knowynge thy commaun-

dementes, haue done al thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenaunt that I made with the: and haue dispised to kepe thy law.

Uerily I haue synned agaynst the (O lorde god) and the blemishe of my synne abydeth styll with me, euen vnto this day.

I haue forsaken the (O god my maker) and gone away from the my sauiour, and haue rebelled against the, like the oxe that wynceth and strygueth whan he shuld be yoked.

I haue hardened my herte against the: and I haue lyfted vp my necke proudely after my synne.

I haue trusted in lyes, and through deceit wold not know-

lage

lage the: but I haue folowed the lewdneſſe of my hert.

My pride and arrogancy haue beguyled me: and the foolyſſhe boldeneſſe of my herte hathe brought me into deſolate waies.

Myne one counſayles and aduyſes haue wrought me theſe thynges: ſuch is the malice and rebellion that poſſeſſeth the hertes of men.

My ſoule is putte from quietneſſe and reſte, and I can not thinke of any good thyng.

The yoke of my ſinnes is waxed very heauy: it is lifted vp and faſtned about my necke.

Thou haſte ſpoken to me, but I wold not heare: Thou haſte called me, but I wolde not anſwere, I beleued not thy wooꝛ-

des, nor would abyde thy counsayle.

I regarded not thy holy word: and I gaue not my mind to thy saiynges.

Thou haste striken me, but I woulde not knowe the cause therof: thou haste corrected me, but I would not take thy disciplyne.

I dyd not consyder in my hert, that thou wouldest not forgette my synne and malice.

With my mouth and my lyppes I glorified the: but my hert was farre from the.

I hyd my synne as Adam dyd: to the entent to haue my iniquitee vnknowen.

I ared not counsayle of thy mouth: and I would not folow thy

thy law.

I haue synned before thyne eyes, and therefore my soule is made vnstable.

I forsoke the, whiche arte the fountayne of continuall sprynging waters: to the entent to digge to my selfe muddypittes, whiche haue no water.

In all these thynges, I am not retourned to the: Nor I haue not praied vnto the, that I myghte leaue my wycked waies.

Se lorde, and beholde, how vyle I am made: all the beaultie of my soule is perysshed and gone: in so muche that nowe I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon the.

And there was no cause why

I

I should forsake the, and vaine ly folow vaine thynges.

Lorde haue mercy vppon me, and here my praiers: for thou arte my god, and there is no sa= uiour besides the.

Turne away from me thy hea= uie displeasure: and distroy me not for the synnes of my youth.

I humbly beseche the (O lord) forgeue me, forgeue me for thy excedyng mercy.

O lorde god of hostes, if thou be determined to saue, who can let or resist? if thou stretche out thy hande, who shall turne the away?

Thou mayest do to me as the potter doeth to his potte: for (be= holde) I am in thy hande, as the clay is in his,

Amend

Amende me (O lorde) but in mercie, not in thyne angre, least thou vtterly consume me: make me to vnderstande and knowe how hurtful and deadly a thing it is to forsake the, my lord god, and to caste away from me, the feare of the.

There is no man, that can heale me nor cure my plage: no man can deliuer me, but thou (O lorde) whiche woundest and makest hole: whiche strikest and healest againe.

My distruction cometh of my selfe: my helpe and saluacion standeth onely in the.

For none is like vnto the, thou art myghty: and greatte is the name of thy strength.

Turne me to the (O lord) and

I shall

I shall be tourned: take awaye from me this synfull herte, that thy law maie bring furth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde, for thy goodnesse sake: and for the great loue that thou beares to=wardes me.

O lorde god (beholde) thou haste made bothe heauen and earth by thy great myght: and nothyng is harde to the.

Thou arte that puissant and mightie, whose name is the lord of hostes: great and meruailous in thy counsaile.

As sone as thou hast spoken the worde, all thynges be done: as soone as thou hast comman=ded, thynges be: and thy worde returneth not to the, voide and

without effecte.

Thou (O lorde god) shewest mercy vnto al: for thou canst do all: and thou makest as though thou sawest not the synnes of men, because they shulde do penance, and amende their liues.

For thou louest all thynges that be: and hatest nothyng that thou haste made: for nothyng thou madest or hast ordeined of any hatred.

Thou sparest and tendrest all men: for all thynges be thyne, & thou louest the soules of men.

Thou doest minister mercy, equitie, and iustice in the earthe: and therefore in these vertues thou greately delitest.

Truly (O lord (ỹ art rightous & gracious, not withstanding I haue

haue offended the, transgressing thy couenaunt, and trespassyng agaynst the.

O lorde, thou hast seen all my abhominacions: loke on my cause, and consyder, howe vyle and wretched I am: see and beholde my great confusion.

In the tyme of reconciliacion heare me, and in the date of saluacion haue mercy on me.

Be mercifull vnto me, & haue mercy on me, whiche haue none other helpe but the: whose wyll nothyng can resiste: whan so euer thou doest purpose to saue.

Here me, whiche am a wretche makyng supplicacion vnto the make me to truste in thy name: and deliuer me by thy power.

Haue regard to me from hea-

uen

uen, O lorde, and loke downe from thy holy habitacion: and from the throne of thy glory.

Distroy me not because of my iniquitee: but remembre the sorow and peine that I suffre.

Be not still angry with me (O lorde) forget all my synnes, and remembre them no longer.

Let my praier ascende vp vnto the: saie vnto my soule, Behold I am come to the, thy helth and thy saluacion. Amen.

The thyrde psalme.

For remission of synnes.

O God eternall, iuste and holy: whiche kepest couenant and mercy with thē that loue the and kepe thy commandmentes.

Loke at me, and haue mercie vpon me: for I haue trespassed agaynst the: and done euyll in thy syght.

Shewe foorth vpon me the tendre affections of thy mercy; that thy seruaunt maie haue an hert to praie vnto the.

I humbly make my praier before thy face, not trustyng in myne owne ryghtuousnesse, but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy: and all my rightousnesse is lyke a foule blouddy cloute.

Vnto the (O lorde) be iustice, mercie, and pitie: but vnto me be confusion and shame, for my iniquities.

Certainely euen from my beginnyng I haue bled my selfe

proudely againste the, dooeyng wickedly and ceasiyng not.

O lorde, thou haste redemed me, and yet I haue not ceassed to offende the, and my hert hath not ben streight in thy sight.

Thou hast taught and instructed me, and stablisshed my power, and I haue ben euill affected towardes the, beyng lyke vnto a deceitfull bow.

My pryde and presumpcion accuse me to my face, I am ouerthrowen in myne owne wickednesse: I do seke the (O lorde) I beseche the, that I maie fynde the: thou arte separated from me: for I haue gredily folowed filthinesse.

Yet will I accuse myne owne synfull waies before the (O

lorde) vntyll thou haue mercie vpon me, and receyue me agayn into thy fauour.

God forbyd, that euer I shuld depart from the again, and not dylygently seke for thy promyses.

I wyll neuer holde my peace, nor kepe silence: vntyll thou haue establysshed that couenant with me, whiche thou haste made and ordeygned in tymes past:

That is to saie, lyke as the iustice of a iuste man shall not delyuer or saue hym, what tyme so euer he shall offende: So the wickednesse of a wycked manne shall not hurt hym, what tyme so euer he shal returne from his wyckednesse.

In hope of this (O lorde god) I wyll tary thy pleasure: for thou art good to theym that trust in the, and to the soule that seketh the.

Thou keepest thy trueth for euermore: and the woorde whiche issueth furthe of thy mouth, shall not be voyde and of none effecte.

Distroie me not (good lorde) for my synnes: nor reserue not eternall punyshement for me.

Open thyne eies, and beholde the greatnesse of my peyne and affliccion: for my iniquitie is greatte in thy syghte: and my synnes haue broughte me in to this trouble.

Distroye me not vtterly, nor

leaue me in my ſinnes: for thou art god of mercy, and very gracious.

Execute not the punyſchemente vppon me, whyche thou haddeſt pourpoſed: doe to me accordig to thy name: although my defaultes and ſinnes be many.

O lorde, thou arte my god: and thy name hath ben putte vpon me: Leaue me not in the depeneſſe of my troubles.

Thou haſt chaſtiſed and reformed many, and haſte ſtrengthed the wery handes, thy wordes haue ſet vp hym that ſtagered: and thou haſt made ſtreight the crooked knees.

Wherfore I wyll ſeeke the

O lord

(O' lorde god) whyche haste wrought great thynges vnsercheable and innumerable.

Thou hast taken vppe the poore out of the duste, and hast exalted theym, whiche were abiectes.

For thou dooest delyuer the poore in his myserie out of the strayte and bottomelesse pytte of tribulacion: and out of the wyde mouth of anguysshe and affliccion, into reste and quietnesse.

Thou art gracious and mercifull, for that thou shewest mercie to theim whyche bee not yet come into the worlde: and thou art very mercifull to them, whiche dilygently obserue and kepe thy lawes: and thou dooest pacy-

 ently

ently ſuffre ſynners : geuyng theim tyme and place, whereby thei maie be changed from their malyce.

Here me pooze wzetche makyng ſupplicacion vnto the: foz in the and in thy name, I haue put my truſt and affiance.

Take me thy ſeruaunt vnto the, and make me good, and let me not be diſappointed of that that I loke foz.

Come agayue (O lozde god) and ſaue my ſoule: deſtroye me not, whom thou haſte redeemed by thy great myght and power.

Loke not vpon the hardnes of my herte, noz vpon my ſynnes: but lyke as thou haſte many tymes ſhewed mercie, ſo now bee merciſull and fozgeue me,

Here

Here me (O lorde) and be pacified: regard my praier, and do accordyng to thy great name.

O lorde, I loke to haue helpe and saluacio from the: and this is my daily meditacion, and exercise.

For thy mercies be great: and thy goodnes is inestimable.

Heare me nowe fauourably: and withholde thy mercies no longer from me.

In the way of thy iudgementes I wyll loke after the: my soule desyreth to magnifie thy name, and to haue the in memorie.

Incline my hert to do thy commaundementes: and direct my waies euermore in thy sight.

Let me neuer hereafter goe awaie from thy waies: nor leaue

me not now in the depenesse of my troubles.

Turne not thine eies awaie from me: but teathe me (O lord) to do those thynges, whiche are pleasaunt in thy sight.

Make a perpetuall leage and couenaunte with me, that thou wilt put thy feare into my hert: that I neuer swarue from the in all my lyfe.

Withdraw not thy goodnesse from me for euer, but keepe thy promyse and fidelitee.

Be good vnto me with beneuolence and fauour: for thou art mercyfull, and thy displeasure continueth not for euer.

Remembre me with fauour and kyndenesse: and visyte me with thy saluacion.

I knowe (O lorde god) that thou art gracioulse and mercy= full, pacient, and of great mer= cifulneſſe.

Thou are good and merciful, thou kepeſt couenantand mercy with thy ſeruãtes, whiche walke before the in their hole hert.

There is none other god but thou, whiche regardeſt and ca= reſt for all.

For thou haſte ben euer verey mercifull to me: deliuerynge my ſoule from the depe hell.

Let thy goodneſſe (O lorde) be euer with me, for all my wealth reſteth onely in the.

In the time of tribulacion I call vpon the (O lorde) for thou art nigh vnto theim, whiche call vpon thy holy name.

Succour

Succoure me(O god) and loke merily vppon me: shewe me the lyght of thy countenaunce: in the my soule trustethe, and my herte reioyseth.

Let my prayer come vnto thy throne: bowe downe thyne eare vnto my crie.

Here me nowe beyng penitent (O lorde) whom thou haste hytherto pacientlỹ suffred:to thintent I shuld repent and amende my lyfe.

O god, I haue opened vnto the my life:saue me for thy name sake:for my trust is in the.

What care I for worldly thinges: This one thyng onely I nede and desire,that I may find grace and fauour in thy syght.

Wherefore I beseche the(O lorde

lorde god) take awaie from me this peine and sorow: or at leaſt wise mitigate and aſwage it, other by comfort or by counſaile, or by what menes ſo euer it ſhal be ſene good to the.

The fourth pſalme, is a complaint of a penitent ſinner, whiche is ſore troubled and ouercome with ſinnes.

O Lorde god mercyfull and pacient: and of muche mercifulneſſe and trueth.

Whiche for thy aboundaunte charitee, and accordyng to thy great mercie, haſt taken vs out from the power of darknes: and haſte ſaued vs by the fountaine of regeneracion and new birth, and

and the renewyng of the holy goſt: whom thou haſt ſhed vpon vs aboundantely by Jeſu Chriſte our ſauiour.

If I haue founde grace and fauour in thy ſyght: ſuffre me to ſpeake a woꝛde vnto the: and be not diſpleaſed with me.

Why dooeſt thou euer foꝛget me: and leaueſt me in the mydes of my troubles and cuyls?

Where is become thy zeale and thy ſtrength? where is the multitude of thy tendꝛe affections? and of thy mercies?

O loꝛde, maie not he which is fallen, ryſe vp againe? oꝛ maie not he, whiche hath gone away from the, returne to the againe?

Shall my ſoꝛow euer endure? ſhall my wounde be vncurable

and

and neuer healed?

How commeth it to passe, that I still tourne away from the? my synne daiely increaseth, and of my selfe I can not retourne.

In as much as it is not geuen to man to direct his owne waies: neither to make perfect his owne procedynges.

For in thy hande is the life of euery liuyng thyng: and the spirite also of euery man.

Thou shewest thy mercy to whom thou wilt: and thou art gracious to them, whom thou fauourest.

Thou doest kill, and thou dost quicken, thou leadest downe to hel gate, and bringest vp again.

Thy eyes behold the waies of euery man: and thou searchest the

the hertes of men.

There is no place so secrete or darke, wherin synnes maie hide them selues from the.

Nor any man maie so lurke and hide him selfe in caues: but thou shalt se him, whiche dooest fulfill both heauen and earth in euery part.

Why hast thou cast me awaie from thy presence: and takest me for thy enemy:

Why haste thou layde vppon my heade the heauy weyght of my sinnes: seyng no man is hable to beare thy displeasure.

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretche: why distroyest me for the synnes of my youth:

If I haue synned, what shall

I doe to the? and if my synnes be increased, what shall I doe?

If I doe iustly, what shall I geue to the? or what shalt thou receiue at my hande?

My wyckednesse shall hurt my selfe: and my righteousnesse shall profite me.

The lyfe of man is a temptacion vpon the earth: and if I haue synned (as all men haue) what may I do?

Shall any man bee fownde cleane and without synne before the? or shall any manne bee without default in his dedes?

Howe may a mortall man bee pure from sinne in thy syght? or how may he, which is borne of a woman be righteous?

Remembre (O lord) I beseche

the, that thou haste made me of the earth: and that thou shalte bryng me agayne into the dust of death.

My dayes passe and vanyshe awaye lyke smoke: they waste dayly, there is no taryng.

My lyfe flieth awaie as the wynd: and considereth not that whiche is good.

I was but lately borne into this world, and shortly I shalbe taken away hence by death, I neuer continue still in one state.

The daies of my life be few, and short: thou hast appointed an ende, whiche I shal not passe.

Naked and bare I came oute of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I shall retourne agayne: truely all men liuyng

are

are vanitie.

Haue pitie (O lorde) on them that are in myserie: and dispise not the worckes of thy handes.

Though we synne, yet are we vnder the: for we know thy power and strength: and if we sinne not, than are we sure that thou regardest vs.

Ceasse thy indygnacion (O lorde) and tourne it from me: and cast all my synnes behynde thy backe.

Take away thy plages from me: for thy punyshement hath made me both feble and fainte.

For whan thou chastysest a man for his synnes, thou causest hym by and by to consume and pine away.

What so euer is delectable in

hym, perisheth like vnto the clothe that is eatē with moughtes.

Woulde god I had one to defende me a while, vntill thy anger were tourned away: or that thou wouldest sette me a tyme, in the whiche thou wouldest remembre me.

I am cleane cast away from thy presence: shall I neuer here after see thy face againe?

Beholde, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the daies of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulacion compasse me round about: and the streames of thy fury renne ouer me.

And I crye vnto thē (O lorde god) but thou hearest me not: I aske mercie: but thou reiectest

ctest my prayers.

Why thrastest thou downe a poore wretche from thy pre-sence? or why forsakest me so longe tyme?

Why takest not away my iniquitie? and why puttest thou not away the wickednesse of my hert?

Aryse and tary no longer (O lorde) aryse, and reiect me not for euer.

Haue me in remembraunce, I beseche the: for I thoroughly tremble and shake for feare.

Yet I wyl not hold my tonge, but crie still vnto the with a mournyng and an heauy hert.

Turne away the stroke of thy vengeance from me: bryng my minde out of troubles in to rest.

I am here no longer continuer, but a pilgrym and a straunger as all other moztall men be.

And what is man, that thou shuldest be angry with hym? oz what is mankynde, that thou shouldest be so heauy lozde vnto vs?

What, wilt thou bzyng sozow vpon sozow? I pant foz peyne and fynde no rest.

My sozow greueth me whan I shuld eate, and sodaine sighes ouerwhelme my hert.

I am as if my bones were all to bzoken, whan I here myne enemies rayle vpon me, and saie to me day by day, wher is thy god?

Why tourneſt thou thy face alwaye from these thynges (O lozde?) why hast thou no regard

of

of my trouble:

I earnestly make my prayers dayly in thy syght: and the heauynesse of my hert I dooe shew vnto the.

My spirite is careful and troubled within me: and desperacion hath entred into my hert.

Is it thy pleasure (O lorde god) to caste away thyne owne handy worke:

Delyuer my sowle from corrupcion, and my life from euerlastyng darkenesse.

What auayleth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou cast me streight into damnacion: seyng that the deade shall not prayse the, nor any of theim whyche goe downe to hell.

I haue sinned, what shall I

do to the: why hast thou put me to be contrary to the: I am wery of myne owne selfe.

Why serchest thou out my sinnes so narowly: whan there is no man that can take out of thy hande:

If I woulde saie, that I were eyghtuous and without synne: than thou myghtest worthyly condemne me to the fyre prepared for the diuel and his angels,

But I cõfesse, that I am a sinner, and I do humble my hert in thy syght.

Surely if any man wold stãde with the in iugemẽt, he shall not be able to answere one worde to a thousand thynges, wherwith thou mightest charge hym.

This maketh me to feare all my

my dedes: knowyng that thou ſpareſt not hym that offendeth.

If I loke vpon thy power, O howe mightie and ſtronge thou art (if I ſhal cal for iudgement, who ſhal defende my mattier, or ſpeake for me?

To the (O lord) I call and cry: to the my god, I make myne humble ſuite.

Turne away thine angre from me: that I maie knowe, that thou art more merciful vnto me than my ſynnes deſerue.

What is my ſtrength, that I maie endure? or what is thende of mytrouble, that my ſoule may pacientlye abide it?

My ſtrength is not a ſtonie ſtrength: and my fleſche is not made of braſſe.

There is no helpe in my selfe, and my strength fleeth awaie from me.

Although thou hide these thinges in thy hert: yet I knowe that thou wilt remembre me at length.

For thou art true and iust (O lord god) thou dost not condēne vniustely: which rewardest man accordyng to his desertes.

All this is com vnto me because I haue forgotten the: & not vsed my selfe truely in thy testament.

My hert hath tourned backeward: and I haue folowed the desires of my flesshe.

And thou hast surely knowen this thyng: whiche knowest the secretes of the hert.

Lay not agaynst me (O lord) the

the sinnes of my youth: nor haue in remembrance mine olde iniuries done against the.

Daily sorow ouercometh me: and sadnesse possesseth my hert. I loke after peace, but I cā not haue it: I loke for a time of helthe, but my grieke cōtinueth stil.

When the time of thine angre is past, leat mercy come, yet am I vnhappy more and more.

Wo and alas that euer I sinned: my hert therfore mourneth and is sad, all mirth and ioy bee banished from me.

How am I wasted: howe miserably am I confounded: because I haue forsaken and cast away thy law.

Death hath ascended vp by the windowes: persyng the inward

partes

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Daily sorow ouercometh me: and sadnesse possesseth my hert. I loke after peace, but I cā not haue it: I loke for a time of helthe, but my grieke cōtinueth stil.

When the time of thine angre is past, leat mercy come, yet am I vnhappy more and more.

Wo and alas that euer I sinned: my hert therfore mourneth and is sad, all mirth and ioy bee banished from me.

How am I wastid: howe miserably am I confounded: because I haue forsaken and cast away thy law.

Death hath ascended vp by the windowes: persyng the inward

partes

pãrtes of my hert.

When I daily, one while muse secretely with my selfe, an other while with loude voyce cry out and complaine: the meane tyme my lyfe draweth nere to the pit.

Who shall geue me a place to rest in from all my griefes and troubles? and I wyll forsake all men, and get me away from theim.

Who shal geue me water to my hed, and a fountain of teares to mine eies? that I may bewayle my synnes both night and daie.

And I will loke for hym, whiche may saue me: and deliuer me from the wrath to come.

I haue no trust neither in lyfe nor death: but I feare thy iudgement (O lord) and the peynes

yre-

prepared for wicked sinners.

The feare of my sinne maketh me carefull: and the burdeine of my cõscience oppresseth me sore.

O god, whiche tenderly louest mankinde, and art moste ryghtfull iudge: spare me nowe I beseche the, and shewe me some fauour while time is.

Forgeue that whiche I feare, put away that whiche I dread: before I depart hence, and shall not retourne againe.

My sinnes do vexe and trouble me sore: they be so great that none can be greatter.

Alas my fall, alas my miserie, alas the griefe of my plage, and stroke: certeinly my sinne is the cause of all this, and so I wyll take it and suffre it.

The

¶ The fyfth psalme.

For the obteignyng of godly wysedome.

O Lorde god of mercie, which by thy worde hast made all thynges: and by thy wysedome hast created man.

O god eternall, to whom all thynges be knowen, be they neuer so secrete: which knowest all thynges before they be done.

Open my lyppes, and my mouth, that I maye speake and shew forth the glorye and preyse of thy name.

Geue me a new hert, and a right spirite: and take from me all wicked and sinfull desires.

O lord, I am foolish, ignorant, and blind, whan I am destitute of

of thy knowlage.

I am ignorant and without intelligence, my dulneſſe is ſo great, that my eies can not ſee, nor my hert perceiue.

Yea I am a very babe and a chyld, and know ful littell mine owne life and conuerſacion.

My lyppes be defiled and vncleane, my time is ſhort, & I am not able to vnderſtand thy law.

Geue thy ſeruant, I beſech the, an hert apt to take learnyng: that I may knowe what thyng is acceptable in thy ſyght at all tymes.

Sende downe from heuen the ſpirit of thy wiſdom, & repleniſh my hert with knowlage therof.

Thy wyſedome geueth trew knowelage: and oute of thy mouth

mouth procedeth both counsaill and intelligence.

Thy wysedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: & maketh the tonge of infantes eloquent.

If any seme to bee perfect emong men: yet if thy wisedome forsake hym: he shall bee reckened nothyng worth.

Thy wysedome is to menne a treasure that faileth not: which who so vse, theiare ioined to god in loue and amitie.

How well it is with that man which is witty in this behalfe: and hath his soule indued with thy wysedome.

What man in all the worlde knoweth thy counsaile: or who can compasse in his mynd what thy wyll is:

Who can comprehend thy purpose and mind: except thou geue him wisedome, and instruct hym with thy holy spirite.

For mens reasons doe faile in many thynges: and their forecastes and inuencions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortal and corruptible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthly house of the body holdeth downe the mind, musyng vpon many thynges.

Counsayle and good successe commeth from aboue: where also wysedome is and vertue.

With the (O lorde) is ryches, glory, and righteousnes, whiche be treasures incorruptible.

He that hath founde out the: hath founde lyfe: and he that

loueth not the, loueth death.

O lord god, touche my mouth, that my iniquitie maie be dryuen awaie: dwelle thou in my hert, that my synnes maie bee purged.

Wysedome doeth not entre into a malicious soule: nor wil abyde in a body, whiche is subiect to synne.

Teache me (O lord god) least my ignorauunce increase, and my synnes waxe mo and mo.

Leat thy spirite teache me the thynges that be pleasaunt vnto the, that I may be led into the streight way out of errour, wher in I haue wandred ouer longe.

Let thy wisdome be stablished in my spirite: and write thy law in my hert.

Thy

Thy wysedome is to me moze
pzecious then all riches: and I
desire moze to haue it then all o-
ther thynges, bee they neuer so
faire and goodly.

O lozde, thou knowest, howe
soze I am enflamed with the
loue of thy wisedome, whiche is
my onely study and meditacion.

O how pleasant and swete thy
wozdes bee to my herte: truely
muche moze then hony is to my
mouth.

Thy wozd is a bzight candel to
my feete, & a light to my waies.

Thy wisedom pleseth me moze
then thousandes of golde oz of
siluer can do.

I haue moze pleasure and de-
lectacion in the way of thy wise-
dome: then in great abundance

of treasure.

Wold god my waies mate be so ordered, that I may lerne thy wisedome, and thy woordes.

Thy worde geueth heate and inflameth: wherfore I greatly desire it.

O happie is he (lorde) whom thou instructest: and makest lerned in thy law.

His soule shall alway studie wisedome: And his tonge shall speake iudgement.

The law of god shalbe written in his hert: and he shall not be overthrowen as he goeth.

O lord, which art my god and my sauiour, here my prayer, and my tongue shal euer speake and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome, whiche is assistent

assistent to thy throne: that I may discerne betwene good and euill, and maie know thy holy misteries.

Opē mine eies, that I may perceiue and behold the wonderfull thynges, whiche bee in thy law.

Remembre thy worde now I call vpon the: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to know the waie of thy wisedome: and hyde not thy knowlage from me.

Order me accordyng to thy mercie, and disapoint me not of that I loke for.

Teache me right wisedom and intelligence: for thy wisdome is all that I desire.

Put thy worde in my mouth: and fasten thy wisedome in my

hert.

Lette thy wysedome rule and guide my thoughtes: that they maie alwaies please the.

Thy wordes be wonderful and meruailous: wherfore my soule deliteth in them.

Thy wisedome is perfect: and thy knowlage is clere, and geueth light to the eies.

It is more amiable then gold and precious stones, it is farre swetter then the hony combe.

Thy wisdome is pure and vndefiled, & maketh soules strong: thy wordes be certain and true, and geue vnderstandyng vnto the simple.

Whan shall he that erreth in his spirite haue knowlage: and whan shall he that is ignorant haue

haue learnyng?

Whan wilt thou sende downe thy holye spiryte from aboue? whan shall the dlynde herte bee lightned with knowlage? whan shall the tongue that stamereth be made eloquent?

I am lyke a babe without wisdome and discrecion: leat thy stronge hande (O lorde) be my healpe.

I know that thou canst doe all thynges, and no thyng is hard to the.

Thou art greatte (O lorde) and canste not bee knowen, and thy wisedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cause beefore the: do with thy seruant accordyng to thy great mercy.

Loke towarde me, and haue mercy vpō me: that I may bring to passe that, which I beleue and thynke maie be done by the.

Make the way of thy wisedom knowen vnto me, and replenysh my herte with the knowelage therof.

Here my voyce (O lord) accordyng to thy mercie: intreate me accordyng to iudgement.

Geue glory vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely art good and wyse: and there is none other sauiour beside the.

Here me (O lord) for thy name sake: and withhold not thy mercy from me.

My lyppes shal speake and set forth thy laud and prayse: whan thou hast taught me thy wisdōe.

Then

Then I will declare thy mer=
uayles: that other also maie bee
conuerted vnto the.

And maie blesse thy name for
euer, world without end. Amen.

The syxte psalme.

A christian man praieth, that he
maie be heard of god.

O Lorde, heare my prayers:
and let my cry come to the.

Turne not away thy face from
me in the day of my tribulacion.

What daie so euer I shall call
vpon the: here me (O lord god,)

For thou art great and wor=
kest wõders: thou only art god.

Also thy workes be great: thy
thoughtes bee very profounde
and depe.

Bow downe thine eare vnto me: and here me, for I am poore, and without helpe.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord) for when trouble cometh, I flee vnto the for succour.

Make gladde the soule of thy seruaunt: For I haue lyfted vp my hert vnto the.

O lord, thou art good and mercifull: and of muche mercie to al them that call vpon the.

Here my requeste and petition: and graciously accepte my prayers.

O lorde god, in the I trust: let me not bee confounded, I beseche the: Deliuer me in thy rygh tuousnesse.

Herken vnto the voyce of my crye (O my kynge and my god) for

For I make my humble suite vnto the.

Here my voice, with whiche I call vpon the: haue mercie vpon me, and saue me.

My prayers be euer vnto the (O lorde god) if that the tyme of thy gracious pleasure shall come, whan that accordyng to the multitude of thy mercy thou wilt here me in the trueth of thy health.

Haue regard vnto me (O lord) for thy mercie is sweete, accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies, loke vpon me.

Go not farre away from me (O my god) but make haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be pleasant vnto the: & make that the thoughtes

tes and meditacion of my hert
maie be acceptable afore the.

Turne not away thy face from
thy seruaunt, for trouble riseth
vp agaynst me on euery syde:
wherfore now succour me.

My hert desireth the, my soule
seketh for the: I tary and loke
whan I maie beholde thy face.
Turne not away thy face from
me, cast not away thy seruaunt
in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwaies helped me
before this tyme: forsake me not
now in my most nede, O my lord
and my god.

To the I crie daily. go not a-
way from me: and turne not the
deffe eare vnto me.

Cause my praier to entre into
thy presēce: and let my crie come
vnto

vnto the.

Here me (O lorde) for I lyft vppe my mynde vnto thy holie temple.

Helpe now in time of trouble, for vaine is the helpe of man.

I loke after thy helpe (O lord) and to thy iudgementes my wil is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pitie vpon me: for I am poore and left alone.

O lorde god of hostes, if thou wilt, thou maiest helpe me: nothing can ouercome thy strenth.

My god, my god, leaue me not in these greuous tribulacions for thy great names sake.

O god, make hast todeliuer me, O lord make spede to helpe me.

Be contēted to deliuer me: for

in

in the I truſt (O lord god.)

Beholde, I haue no helpe in my ſelfe: there is no man that regardeth my neceſſitee.

I am poore, and in miſerie, and greatte calamite: and my ſtrength is gone from me.

Ariſe vp (O lord) and declare thy glorie vnto thy ſeruaunt.

Let ſaluacion and helth come to me from the: that all my enemies maie be aſhamed.

Thine arme is mightie and ſtronge: and whan thou wylte, al thynges be obedient vnto the

Heauen is thine, yea and the earth is thine: thou madeſt the worlde, and all that is therin.

Let thy mercie comfort me: which ſurely I deſire more than this life.

I ſticke

I stycke to thy testimonies (O lord) leat me not be confounded.

Out of the depe I haue called vnto the (O lorde:) lorde heare my voyce.

O leat thine eares marke wel the voyce of my complaint.

O lord, if thou impute my sinnes vnto me: how maie I loke for thy grace and pardon?

But thy mercie excedeth all thynges: and thy trueth passeth the heauens.

Wherefore my soule hath loked to the: and to the maketh humble praiers.

O god, be not styll, kepe not silence: but for thine owne sake see that thy holy name bee not

dishonoured

dishonoured.

Extend out thy mercy to them that call vpon the, and thy righ-tousenesse to theim that seke the.

I haue cast my burdein vpon the, beare me vp: and leate me not alwaies bee in wauerynge, seyng that I haue put my trust in the.

My soule cleaueth vnto the: make thy right hand to strēgthe me agaynst the power of myne enemies.

Here me (O lord) and delyuer me: incline thine eares vnto my prayers, and saue me, for I am poore: O lord, haue regard vn-to me.

Thou (O lorde god) art my helpe and my sauiour.

O god

O god, thy waie is holy and ryghtfull, what god is so great as thou (our god) art.

Thou doest meruailous thinges: thy name is the lorde: thou onely art the highest vppon all the earth.

Be now pacified toward thy seruant: and hide thy face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me (Lorde) as thou arte full of goodnesse thy selfe, that I maie glorie in the all the daies of my life.

My lyppes reioyce to synge preyse vnto the: and euen so doth my soule, whiche thou hast redeemed.

My hert shall alwates studie thy ryghteousenesse, whan they shall be confounded, which seke

to do me harme.

I wyll renne all the waye of thy commaundementes: whan thou shalte dilate and enlarge my hert. Amen.

The seuenth psalme.

For an ordre and direccion of good lyuyng.

TO the (O lorde) I lyft vp my minde.

In the I trust (O lorde god) let me not be cõfounded, lest my enemies make me their iestyng stocke, and a matter to laugh at.

O lorde, make thy waies knowen vnto me: and teache me in thy pathes.

Direct me in thy trueth, and instruct me: for thou art god my

my sauiour: I loke after the e=
uery day.

O lorde, thou art sweete and
ryghtfull: and bryngest againe
into thy waie, theim that went
out.

Thou leadest streyght in thy
iudgement theim that be mylde
and tractable: and techest them
that be meeke, thy woordes and
testimonies.

Thou healest theim that bee
contrite in hert: and aswagest
their peines and griefes.

Thou holdest vp al them, whi=
che els shuld fall: and al that are
fallen: thou liftest vp againe.

Thou geuest syghte to the
blynde: and losest them that be
bounden.

Thou art nygh vnto all them

that call vpon the: so that they call vppon the faythfully and hertily.

Thou fulfillest the desyre of them that feare the: and hearest their praier, and sauest them.

Haue mercy vpon me (O god) haue mercie vpon me: for in the my soule trusteth.

Verily my soule hath a special respect vnto the for my helth, my glory, and all my strength cometh from the.

For thine owne sake (O lorde god) late not my synnes to my charge.

I vnderstand not all mine errours: innumerable troubles close me rounde about, my synnes haue taken holde vpon me: and I am not able to loke vp.

Put to thy hande to helpe me: and leade me ryght in all my wozkes.

Make me to walke perfectly in thy waies, that no kynde of synne ouercome me.

Set a watche befoze my mouthe: and keepe the dooze of my lippes.

Let the wozdes of my mouth and the meditacion of my hert be euer pleasant and acceptable in thy syght.

Leat the woozde of trueth neuer go away from my mouth: and suffre no malice to dwell in my hert.

O lozde, deliuer my soule from liyng lippes: and saue me from the deceitfull tongue.

Put into my mouth thy true

and holy worde: and take clene from me all idell and vnfruitefull speache.

Delyuer me from false surmises, and accusacions of men: Rule me euen as thou thynkest good, after thy wyll and pleasure.

Turne awaie myne eies, that they beholde no vaine thynges: fasten them in thy waie.

Take from me fornicacion & all vncleanesse: and let not the loue of the flesche beguile me.

Yea delyuer my soule from pryde, that it reigne not in me: and than shall I be cleane from the greatest synne.

Stay and kepe my feete from euery yll waie, least my steppes swarue from thy pathes.

My

My eies loke euer vp vnto the (O lorde) because thou art nigh at hand: and al thy waies be the trueth.

Thy mercies be great and many (O lord) blessed is he, who so euer trusteth in the.

For whan I saied vnto the, my feete bee slipped: Thy mercie (O lorde) by and by did hold me vp.

Teache me to do thy will, and leade me by thy path waie, for thou art my god.

O lorde, saue my soule, and delyuer me from the power of darkenesse.

Leat the bryghtnesse of thy face, shyne vpon thy seruaunt, for vnto the (O lorde god) I haue fledde for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue mer-
cie vpon me: for I am desolate
and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me,
that I bee not confounded: for
I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: al-
though I haue doen no good in
thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt me,
that at the lest wise now I maie
begynne to liue well. Amen.

¶ The eyght psalme.

A christian man praieth, that
he maie be defended from
his ennemies.

O God almyghtie, saue me
from mine ennemies: and
by thy stronge power defende
and

and kepe me.

Preserue my soule, for thou art holy: saue thy seruant, whiche trusteth in the.

For straungers do assaute me daiely: and seke my soule to dystroy it.

O god, helpe thou me: O lord, deliuer me from theim that ryse vp against me.

Be ready (O god) to succour me: make hast to helpe me: O lorde.

Be thou my protectour and a place of strength: wherin I may safely be.

For thou art my strength and my refuge: for thy name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the handes of mine enemies: I call

me not away in the tyme of tryb-
bulacion: whan all my myghte
is decaied and gone.

Healpe me (O lorde god) and
saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord)
the god of my health: and in thy
righteousnesse deliuer me

From the veracion of theim
that persecute me: from the as-
saulte of myne ennemies: whi-
che compasse me about on euery
syde.

Let theim be confounded and
brought to naught, whiche bee
aduersaries vnto my soule: leat
theim bee couered with shame &
rebuke, whiche seke my hurt.

Leat theim tourne backe with
rebuke and shame, whiche saie,
god hath forsaken him: leat vs

set

ſette on hym and take hym: for there is none that ſhall delyuer hym.

Conioyne thy ſelf (O god) vnto my ſoule: make it ſtrong, and delyuer me from mine enemies.

Diſtroy theim by thy power: and bryng to naught all their ſtrength.

That thei reioyſe not and ſaie amonge theim ſelues, we haue ouercome hym, and vtterly caſt hym downe.

Saue me (o lord god) for in the haue I truſted: ſaie to my ſoule, be not afraid, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what ſhall come of me, delyuer me frō mine enemies, for yet they ceaſſe not.

Their cruelty encreaſeth daily more and more, and companies

of

of tyrauntes violently come on me, and they haue not the before their eies.

But thou (O lorde) art gracious and merciful, and suffrest long: and thy mercie and trueth be great.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: endue thy seruant with some of thy strength: for I cal vpon the, and ernestly make my prayers in thy syght.

My ennemies reioyse, that I am fallen, and that my herthath turned out of thy waie.

But I trust in thy mercy, and my hert is comforted in hope to haue helpe & saluacio from the.

For thou art good and gracious, thy mercie endureth euer, and thy trueth continueth from

one

one generacion to an other.

Let al them reioyce in the, and be glad, whiche seke the: and let them which loue to haue salua-cion of the, saie, Magnified be the lorde for euer. Amen.

The ninth psalme.

agaynst ennemies.

SE lorde and behold, how ma-ny thei be, which trouble me, how many, which make rebelli-on agaynst me.

They say among them selues of my soule: there is no helpe of god for it to trust vpon.

O lord god, in the I haue put my hope and trust: saue me from them, whiche dooe persecute me, and deliuer me.

lest

Lest peraduenture at one time or an other they take my life frō me: and there be none to deliuer me from them.

Haue pitie vpon me (O lorde) Loke vpon the affliccion, which I suffre of my enemies.

Forget not thy poore seruant, suffer not them, whiche bee oppressed to loke for helpe alwaies in vayne.

Put theim to flight: disapoint thein of their purposes: Cast thē downe hedling as their wickednesse hath deserued, for they are traitours & rebels against the.

Let their power be brought to nought: and their wickednesse light vpon their owne heades.

Leat the wycked synners returne into hell, and let them fall

and

and be taken in the pitte, whiche they haue digged.

I will truste in the (O lorde) whiche saueste theim, that in the put their confidence.

Thei say, that thou forgettest thy seruauntes, and that thou hidest thi face, because thou wilt not see their trouble.

Their pryde is to vs muche griefe and vexation: and they glory and triumph in our trouble and aduersitee.

How longe (O lord) wilt thou stande a farre of, and hyde thy selfe in the tyme of tribulacion?

Howe longe shall the wicked dispise thee and say in their hert, that thou regardest nothyng.

Rise vp (O lorde) stretche out thy hande: forgette not theim:

which

whiche be oppreſſed.

Bring downe the powre of the wicked: that they maie perysſhe togither with their wickednes.

Let thy zeale ſodenly come vpon them: the firy thunderboltes and the ſpirite of the wherle wynde be portion of their part.

Preuent me in the daie of my tribulacion: and deliuer me out of my diſtreſſes.

Haue mercy vpon me, for I am troubled on euery ſide: and my ſtrength is decaied through mine iniquitee.

Mine enemies ſpeake of me muche ſhame and rebuke: and they are holely bent to take my life from me.

The peines of death compaſſe me rounde about: and the flud-

des

des of my ſines trouble me ſore.

The ropes of hel be tied round about me: and I am wrapped in the ſnares of death: and whi=che waie ſo euer I goe, I fynde ſtumblynge blockes, to ouer=throw me.

Stand vp (O lorde) and pu=niſhe this naughtie people, and delyuer me from my deceitfull e=nemies.

Here me in the daie of my try=bulacion: Let thy mightie naime defend me.

For thou art my foꝛtreſſe, and my glorie: and beareſt vp my weaknes and infirmitee.

Saue me lorde I beſeche the, that mine enemies preuayle not againſt me.

Powre out thy indignacion

vpon them: and let the wrath of thy fury vexe and trouble them.

Let theim be confounded for ever: yea let theim trẽble and perishe togither.

Let thẽ fall into the depe pit: & neuer be able to rise vp agayne.

That thei may know thy name to bee the lorde of hooſtes onely mightie and high, worlde without ende. Amen.

¶ The tenth psalme.

When the enemies be so cruel, that he can not suffre them.

HAue mercie vppon me (O god) for mine enemie treadeth me vnder his fete: he ceasseth not to assault me, and to do me muche griefe.

He

He alwais coueteth to ſwalow me vp: ⁊ manither be that proudly brag and crake againſt me.

They gather theim ſelues together in corners: they watche my ſteppes, how they maie take my ſoule in a trappe.

Thei be lyke vnto a lyon that is greedy of his praie, and lyke a yonge lyon thei priuely lie in waite for me.

Thei do beſet my waies, that I ſhoulde not eſcape: they loke and ſtare vpon me to take me in their ſnare.

They haue prepared a net for my feete: they haue dygged a deepe pit, that my ſoule myght fall therin.

Make me ſtrong (O lorde god) by thy might and power: make

my way perfite before the.

Kepe my steppes continually in right pathes, lest perchaunce my fete begyn to slippe.

I am so vexed, that I am vtterly wery: healpe me agaynste them that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercy to be merueilous in me: & delyuer my soule out of their handes.

Hide me from the company of the wicked, and from the rage of them that worke iniquitie.

Accordyng to thy great mercie quicken me, that now in my sorow I be not brought vnder the power of mine enemy, whiche rageth against me.

Send forth thy lyght and thy trueth, and they shall leade me into thy holy hill, and into thy

tabera-

tabernacles.

Instruct and teache my handes to battaile: make my armes stronge like a bow of steele.

Girde me with strength to bataile: ouerthrow theim that arise against me.

Instruct me in the way, wherin I maie walke: prouyde for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe mine enemies before my face, and distroy theim that hate me.

Lest myne enemies ouercome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to be stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioyce and be glad of my fall and declinacion: thei be assembled together against me:

they ſtrike to kill me in the waie
before I maie beware of theim.

Thei curſe and ban my wor-
des euery daie: and all their
thoughtes be ſet to do me harm.

My life is as it wer in the mid-
des of fierſe lyons: whoſe teth
be lyke vnto ſpeares: and their
tongue like a ſharpe ſwearde.

And who ſhal ſtand with me a
gainſt al theſe? or who ſhal ouer
come theſe workes of iniquitie?

They ſhall flee and renne a-
way (O lord) aſſone as thou re-
bukeſt them, frō the voice of thy
thunder they ſhall run hedlyng.

Which lokeſt vpon the earth,
& it holely quaketh: which tou-
cheſt the hilles, and they ſmoke:
Iugemēt procedeth frō thy face,
thine eies doe approue equitie.

Kepe

Kepe me (O lorde) from myne aduersaries: and vnder the shadow of thy wynges defend me.

Judge theim that hurt me: fyght agaynst theim that fyght with me.

Let theim go backewarde and haue yll lucke, whiche persecute me: put them to shame, that will my hurt.

Make theim to be as duste in the wynde: and let thy aungell vexe and disquiet theim.

Let them vanysche awaie lyke smoke: and as waxe melteth with the heate of the fyre, so leat them perish (O lorde) from thy sight and presence.

Beate them downe, that they be not able to stand: neuer geue ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly di-

they ſtrike to kill me in the waie
before I maie beware of theim.
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Beate them downe, that they be not able to stand: neuer geue ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly di-

ſtroied them.

Make their waies darke and ſlippy: and let thine angel fierſly go vpon theim.

And thou (O lorde god) haue mercy vpon me: ſend me healpe, and than I ſhalbe able to reſiſte them.

For I am weake and in ſorow: geue thou me health and ſaluacion.

Let thy hand correct and chaſtiſe me: but delyuer me not vnto mine enemies.

My ſoule is fylled with the ſcornyng and deriſion that mine ennemyes haue at me: and with the diſpitefullneſſe of the proude.

My ſoule is cleane diſcouraged within me: it groneth & fretеth

in

in it selfe agaynste me: yet wyll I truste in the: for that I shall eftsones geue the thãkes again for the helpe and saluacion that thou sendest me.

For thy very trueth now helpe me, O thou whiche art my helth and the hope and comfort of all regions of the earth, and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power rulest from the beginnyng: thyne eies beholde all thynges.

What god is there but thou? who is so stronge as thou our god?

In thy protection I wil trust: vntill iniquitie bee passed and gone.

In the, I shalbe stronge and sure for euermore.

The. xi. psalme.

Of confidence and trust in god.

O Lord, whiche art my lyght and my helth: of whom shal I be afrayd?

O lorde thou art the strength of my lyfe: in the I wyll euer trust.

For lyke as the herte, (when he is chased) coueteth to the ryuers of water: euen so (O lorde) my soule desyreth to bee with the.

My soule thyrsteth to be with the: for with the is the fountaine of life and recreacion in aduersitie.

Here in this worlde is labour: and peine: calamytie and

myſterie.

We haue battaile daiely with enemies: we haue no reſt here ſo longe as we lyue.

But when ſo euer we put our truſt in thy helpe: then we ſhalbe ſure by thy pꝛotecciõ: ſaiyng vnto the, Thou art our defendour, our refuge, and our god, and in the we truſt.

Thou ſhalt delyuer me from the ſnares of the hunters: and from the perilles of my perſecutours.

Thou ſhalt make a ſhadow foꝛ me vnder thy ſhulders: & vnder thy wynges I ſhalbe harmleſſe.

Thy trueth ſhalbe my ſhyelde and buckeler: and no euill ſhall appꝛoche nere vnto me.

And therfoꝛe if my enemies

ſhall

ſhall warre agaynſte me, that they maie deuour me holely: yet I wyll not flee, nor tourne my backe.

Although neuer ſo ſtronge enemies ſhall pitche their tentes againſt me, my hert ſhall not be afrayde: if death ſodeinly come vpon me, in the wyll I reſte without feare.

Thou ſhalt hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduerſitie: thou ſhalte hyde me in ſome ſecrete place of thy tente: thou ſhalte ſet me vppon a ſure rocke.

Thou ſhalte lyfte me vp aboue my ennemies, beſiegeyng me rounde aboute: and thou ſhalte delyuer me out of theyr handes.

If

If I shal walke in the middes of tribulacion, thou shalt kepe me, and shalte stretche forthe thy hande agaynst myne ennemies: and thy ryght hand shall saue me.

O lorde, thou shalt dooe and bring to passe al thinges for me, thy mercie endureth euer: thou wylte not dispise thy owne handy worke.

Thou shalte leade me out of the nette, whiche mine ennemies haue spreade abrode to catche me in: thou shalte take me oute of their pit.

O how great be the good thinges, whiche thou layest vppe in store for them that feare the: whych also thou shewest to them that trust in the, euē in the syght

of

of the childzen of men.

Thou hidelt them in the secret place of thy countenaunce frou trouble of ennemies: and from their contencions.

O lozd, what a pzecious treasure is thy goodnesse: and men shall trust in thy pzoteccion.

They shall bee fylled with the plentifulnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make them dzynke of thy riuer of deinties.

They shall dzynke with the of the fountaine of lyfe, and in thy lyght they shall see lyght.

Thy ryghtuoulnesse is as the hyghest mountaynes: and thy iudgementes bee lyke vnto the depe bottomlesse waters.

Thy mercie stretcheth vp to the heauens: and thy trueth ascendeth

cendeth vp to the same.

O lorde god, thou hast euer from age to age, ben our refuge and succour.

Before the foundactions of the earth were leide, without beginnyng and endyng thou art god.

O my god, thou hast helped me euer from my youth: and vntill my olde age, and last daies forsake me not.

I wil acknowlage, that I haue all my strength of the, for thou art my protection, my god, and my sauiour.

And therefore what tyme so euer I shall be afraied: I wyll trust in the.

What tyme so euer I shall call vppon the: I know that thou art my god.

Kepe thy mercy for me alwais: and the couenant that thou hast made with me, lette it be surely performed.

And if I haue swarued from thy law, and not walked in thy iudgementes,

If I haue broken thy statutes, and transgressed thy commaundementes:

Then with thy rodde visyte myne offences: and with stripes correct my trespasses.

But take not thy mercie away from me, nor let not thy promyse be void and of none effect.

Breake not the couenant that thou haste made with me, and chaunge not that which hath issued out of thy mouth.

For in the (O god) our health and

and glory doeth consist, thou art our helper in whom we doe euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all they, which trust in the, shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in the, and is confounded? or who hath called vpon the, and thou hast dispised him?

For thy name sake (O lorde) thou forgeuest our synnes, although they bee manie and greuous.

Thou art a sure stay to theim that dread the: and shewest them thy testament.

And vnto the I crie (O lorde) & I beleue, that thou wilt saue me, for thy great mercies sake.

Thou shalt redeeme my soule

in peace from the wrath, whiche is to come in the last day.

I will offre vp to the sacrifice of laude and preise: and I will rendre vp my vowes to the, whiche art the highest.

The wicked watche and loke to distroie me: but I truste in thy mercie

Thou arte my protectoure, and my buckler: my god, my strēgth, my refuge, and delyuerer.

I tarie and loke for healpe from the (O lorde) blessed is the man that trusteth in the.

O lord, what great pleasures thou haste prepared for me in heauen: that I shulde delite in no earthly thyng but in the:

My moste pleasure is to cleaue fast vnto the: and in the to sette

my

my hope and truſt.

I committe my ſpirite into thy handes: delyuer me from the powers of darckeneſſe of this worlde. Amen.

¶ The twelfth pſalme.

If god deferre to helpe long time.

O My god, my god, why forſakeſt thou me? why lokeſt not vpon my neceſſitee?

Shal thy mercie faile forever? wilt thou neuer be pleſed more?

How longe wilt thou be miſcontented with me, O lord? wilt thou kēdil thine angre throughly as it were fyre?

Whan wilt thou haue any regarde to deliuer my ſoule? to delyuer my lyfe from diſtruc-

cion of enemies.

Howe longe shall I crie, and thou wilt not here? how longe shal I make exclamacion for verie peine, and thou wilt not saue me?

O lorde god of hostes, how longe wilte thou be angry with the prayers of thy seruant?

Come againe vnto me (O god my sauiour) and take awaie thine indignacion against me.

When thou art tourned (O lorde) thou shalte restore all thynges agayne: and he that was in sadnesse before, shal take ioie and comfort of the.

Let thy hand be to helpe man, whiche is thy handye worke, whom thou haste exalted and magnified to set forth thy glory.

Mine

Myne enemies lyue welthyly and are strong: and they whiche hate me, encrease and go forwarde daiely.

Thei dispraise & set at naught my counsayle, because I take god for my hope and comfort.

They saie to me daiely, Thou trustest in god, let hym delyuer the, and saue the: if so be that he beare loue and fauour towardes the.

Thei leape at me as it were so many dogges: the companies of the wicked barke at me: they beset my handes and fete round about.

O lorde, goe not farre awaie from me: thou art my strength make spede to helpe me.

Delyuer my soule from death,

turne my waie from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouth of lions: and saue me from the depe lake.

Thou arte bothe holie and stronge, and no man is able to resyst the: whan thy angre is great and feruent.

Who shall not feare the (O lorde?) or whiche of all princes shall not obey the?

The earth trembleth and quaket for feare of thyne angre: and the people shall not be able to abide thy threatnyng.

Helpe me, O lorde god my sauiour: and for the glorie of thy name deliuer me: and forgeue my trespasses.

For I do vtter and expresse mine

myne iniquitee vnto the: and my synne greeueth me veraie sore.

Aryse vp (O lorde) and helpe me: and deliuer me for thy mercies sake.

O God, my refuge, and my strength, whiche haste been euer a greatte healpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddest receiue me into thy tuicion, whan I came out of my mothers wombe, and thou wast my helper, whan I sucked my mothers brealtes.

I was left to the as soone as I was borne, euen from my mothers wombe, thou arte my God.

Withdraw not thy selfe farre awaie from me: for tribulacion

is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine enemies compasse me round about: my persecutours besiege me on euery syde.

And I am feeble and weake and sore broken: the peine of my herte maketh me to grone and sygh.

I am as the water that is cast forth: my strength is gone and vtterly dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) haue mercy vppon me: and impute not my synnes vnto me, which I haue done by foly.

Remembre not my sinnes passed, let thy mercies preuēt them: for I am in a merueilous wretched case.

I am

I am wekened and cleane out wo3ne: and go mournyng eue=ry daie.

And now (O lo3de) what loke I after: verily my ſoule loketh to the fo3 helpe.

Shew nowe and declare thy goodneſſe to me, and withholde not thy helpe from me.

My ſoule is replenißhed with troubles and aduerſitees, and dzaweth nere vnto deathes do3e

I am in great pouertee and nede, and my hert is ſo3e trou=bled within me.

Caſt me not awaie in the time of my moſte neceſſitee: and now whan my ſtrength fayleth me, faile not thou me, O lo3d.

Deliuer me from mine enne=mies: and make me not a moc=

kyng ſtocke to theim, that ieſt and raile vpon me.

Saue me from theſe roꝛyng lions redy to deuoure, and from the handes of them that woulde haue my life from me.

I doe crie to the (O loꝛde) foꝛ thou art my hope, and my poꝛcion in the lande of liuers.

Bꝛyng my ſoule out of pꝛiſon, & ſet my feete in a place, where I maie walke at libertee.

Turne not thy face away from me, leaſt I bee made lyke vnto theim that diſcende into the pit.

Geue eare vnto my pꝛaiers foꝛ I am puniſhed and bꝛought veꝛy low.

Deliuer me from my perſecutours: foꝛ they be muche ſtronger than I.

O loꝛd

O lord, here me spedily: lest my spirite faile within me.

Deliuer my soule out of trouble, and in thy mercy distroy all mine enemies.

And make them to perish, whiche wolde distroy me: for I am thy seruant. Amen.

The thirteth psalme.

In which he geueth thankes to god that his ennemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of hym.

I will magnifie and preise the (O lorde god) for thou haste exalted me and sette me vp: and my enemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of me.

O lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto the: & thou hast saued me.

Thou

Thou haste brought my soule out of hell: thou hast holden me vp from fallyng into the deepe lake, from whense no man retourneth.

Thou hast not closed me vp in the handes of myne ennemies: but thou hast sette my feete in a place both wyde and broade.

I haue sought the, & thou hast herd me: thou hast brought me into libertieout of great distres.

Thou hast turned my sorow into gladnesse: thou hast ceassed my mournyng, and compassed me round about with mirth.

Thou hast declared thy great magnificence in healpyng thy seruaunt.

Thou hast dooen mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou

Thou hast regarded the peine of the pooze: thou hast not turned away thy face from me.

I wil euer be singyng and spekyng of thy mercies: and I will publishe to other thy fidelitee & trueth so longe as I shall liue.

My mouth shal neuer cesse to speke of thy ryghteousnesse, & of thy benefites: whiche be so many, that I can not numbze them.

But I wyll geue the thankes till death take me away: I will syng in the pzaise of the, so long as I shall continue.

I wyll triumph and reioyce in thy mercie, foz ỳ thou hast loked vpon my necessities, & regarded my soule in my greatte distresse.

Thou hast ben my sure refuge, and the strength of my truste,

al.

and hope.

I thanke the lord for thy goodnesse alwaie: and for thy exceedyng mercy.

Thou hast been my comfort in the time of my trouble, thou hast ben mercifull vnto me (O lord) and hast reuēged the wronges, that mine enemies haue done to me.

Accordyng to the multitude of the heauy thoughtes that I had in my mind, thy comfortes haue chired and lightned my hert.

Thou hast sent me now ioy for the daies wherein I was in sorow: & for the yeres in whom I suffred many a peinfull stormе.

Thou hast called to remembraunce the rebuke that thy seruant hath ben put to: and how

furiously

furiouſely myne enneinies haue perſecuted me.

O lorde god of hoſtes, who maie be cõpared vnto the: thou art great & greatly to be prꝛeiſed.

Thou art hygh vpon all the earth, thou art exalted farre aboue all goddes.

Glorie and honour before thy face: holineſſe and magnificence in thy ſanctuary.

With iuſtice and iudgement thy royall throne is ſtabliſhed: mercie and trueth be before thy face.

Bleſſed art thou (O lord) whiche haſte not holden backe thy mercie from thy ſeruaunt.

After that I had longe loked for the (O lorde) at the laſt thou dyddeſt attende vnto me, and hear-

hardeſt my crie.

Thou haſt taken me out of the lake of miſery: and ſet my feete vppon a rocke, and made my ſteppes ſure.

Thou haſte geuen me my deſire: I haue ſeen thy ioyful countenance.

Thou haſt ſtriken all my aduerſaries, and haſt abated their ſtrength.

Thou haſt rebuked the rablement of them that vexed me: and haſte plucked me foorth of their handes.

Thou haſt caſt theim headelynge into theyr owne pitte: their feete bee wrapped in the nette, whiche they laied priuylie for me.

Myne enemies are reculed backe

backe: thei are fallen down and distroied from thy syght.

Thou hast ben the poze mans defence, and his helper in tribulacion, whan most nede was.

Thou haste done iudgement foz me: thou haste defended my cause against my accusars.

And although thou were very angry with me a littell whyle: yet now I liue thzough thy mercy and goodnesse.

Uerilie I supposed with my selfe, that I was cleane caste away out of thy fauour.

But thou hast heard my pzayers: and accozdyng to thy great mercie hast taken me againe into thy fauour.

O lozd, of thine owne mind and wyll thou haste geuen strength

vnto my soule: but when thou hydest thy face from me (O lorde) howe greatly was I astonied?

When I was in aduersitee, then I cried vnto the: and thou dyddest aunswere me: when my soule was in greatte anguysshe and trouble, then (O lorde) I did remembre the.

I haue tasted and seene how swete thou arte: truely blessed is that man that trusteth in the.

Accordyng to thy name, so is thy commendacion and preyse: but thy counsailes touchyng vs be without exaumple and greatter then can with woordes be expressed.

Dominion, power, and glory be thyne: for thou hast made all thyn-

thynges: and because thy wyll is so: they doe still continue.

Thy name be blessed, praised, and magnified both now and euer and world without ende.

Amen.

The fourtene psalme,

In the whyche the goodnesse of god is praised.

O LORDE our gouernour, how wonderfull is thy maiestee throughout the whole world: whiche hast set thy glory abcue all the heauens.

What is man that thou magnifiest hym so greattely: or the sonne of man that thou doest visite him:

O lorde, thou art great and

 muche

muche to bee prelsed in thy holy hyll.

Preise bee vnto the (O lorde god) let our vowes made to the be alwaies perfourmed.

Confession and magnificence are thy woorke: and thy righteousenes cõtinueth for euermore.

Thou hast done many thynges (O lord god) both meruatlous and great: and ther is none that can be lyke vnto the in thy worckes.

Thy waies be iuste and true, who wyll not feare and dreade the, and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lorde god) with all my hearte: and I wyll halow thy name for euer.

O lorde thou art my strength and my prayse: Thou haste

brought downe myne ennemies which art a iudge euen from the beginnyng.

Thy ryght hande is excedyng stronge: thy ryght hand wooz= keth many great actes.

Thyne arme is myghtie and stronge, and because it hath ple= sed the, thou hast strengthened mine infirmitie.

I wyll prayse thy greatte and dreadefull name: foz it is holy.

Although I haue fallen, yet I am not crusched in pieces: foz thou hast susteined my hand.

I haue opened and shewed my way vnto the: and in the I haue trusted, and thou at length hast accomplished my delyres.

Thou hast broken the heades of mine enemies, and hast made them to stoupe: whiche walked proudely in their sinnes.

Thou haste dominion ouer their power, and whan they bee exalted and sette aloste in their waies, thou abatest theyr courage, and dystroyest theim with thy mightie arme.

In thy name I wyll euer reioyce, and in thy mercy is all my glorie.

Thou louest righteousnesse and iudgement: the earth is replenyshed with thy mercy.

Thy eie loketh fauourably vpon theym that dread the, and trust in thy mercie.

There shall no good thyng be lackyng to theim that seeke the,

and

and they that feare the, shall not be helpelesse.

For thou dost order their waies, and heerest theim whan they crie vnto the.

That thou mayst deliuer their soules from death: & swage their peines whan thei be greued.

For thou helpest theim, whose hertes be broken with sorowe: and beerest vppe with thy hand theim that bee contrite in spyrite.

Thou sauest the soules of thy seruantes, and all thei that trust in the, shall not be destroied.

Wherfore my tonge shall syng thy praise (O lorde god) I wyll alwaies magnifie the.

I will loue the (O lorde) whiche arte my strength, my staye,

my myght, my ſauiour, and my refuge.

My god, my defender, and my buckeler, the ſtrength of my ſaluacion, and my ſuppoꝛter.

After that I had called vpon the with due laude and pꝛeyſe, thou haſt ſaued me from myne enemies.

When I was in trouble I called vpon the, thou haſt hard my voyce out of thy holie temple, and my crie hath entred vp into thine eares.

Thou haſt ſaued me from mine aduerſaries, that roſe vp ageiſt me: thou haſt deliuered me from wicked enemies.

Thou haſt taken me from the company of euyll men, and mine eie hath ſeene vpō mine enemies

the

the thynges that I desyred.

And therfore if it shuld fortune me to passe through the darke vale of death: I wyll goe without feare: for thou wilt bee with me, thy rod and thy staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalt deliuer me from tribulacion: thou shalt kepe me from theim which seke to distroy me.

Myne eies be vpon the (O lorde) for thou shalt bryng my feete fourth of the snare.

Unto the (O lorde god) I will perfourme my vowes, I wyll geue the thankes both now and euermore, and worlde without ende. Amen.

The fiftenth psalme.

Of the benefites of god, with thankes for the same.

MY soule praiseth the (O lorde) and all that is within me prayseth thy holy name.

My soule geueth the humble thankes, and thy benefyttes I wyll neuer forget.

Which forgeuest al my sinnes: and healest all my infirmities.

Whiche haste saued my lyfe from destruccion: and shewed in me thy grace and mercie.

Which hast satisfied my desire with good thynges, and shalt ones restore my youth agayne.

Thou hast entreated me mercifully at all tymes, and hast reuenged me of myne enemies.

Thou

Thou haſt been a defence to me (O lord) and a ſure foundacion of my wealth.

Thou haſte guyded me with thy counſayll, and taken me to the, through thy mercie.

Thou haſte many waies declared in me thy greatte myght and power, and after thyne angre hath been paſte, thou haſte turned again and comforted me

Thou haſt ſent me many grenous troubles, but at the length thou haſt brought me out of the bottomles depeneſſe.

Thou haſt made me priuie to thy waies, and haſt not hyd thy counſailes from me.

Thou art full of mercie and grace (O lorde) ſlow to wrath, and ready to goodnes.

Thy

Thy displeasure lasteth not alwaie, & thou kepest not backe thy mercies in thyne angre for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not accordyng to our synnes, nor punyshest vs accordyng to our desertes.

Loke how hie the heauen is in comparyson of the earth: so gret is thy mercy towardes vs.

Howe farre as the easte is distant from the weast: so farre (O lorde) remoue our synnes from vs.

Like as a naturall father hath pitie vppon his childzene: euen so (O lorde god) thou haste had compassion vpon vs.

Thou hast not forgotten thy creature: thou remembrest that

we

we ar fleshe, yea all men liuyng.

And that thage of men is lyke vnto grasse, and may be compared to the flowres in the fielde:

Which as soone as the sharpe wynde hath blowen vpon theim with his blastes, whyther awaie and die, so that no man can tell where they did growe.

But thy mercy (O lord) and thy louyng kyndnesse is alwais vpon theim that feare the: & thy righteousnesse endureth euer.

So that we kepe our promyse and couenant with the: and so remembre thy commaundementes, that we doe theim in deede.

O lord, thou hast stablyshed thy throne in heauen: and thou gouernest all thynges by thyne imperiall power.

I will magnifie the (O god) and prayse thy name world with out end.

I wyll geue the thankes alwaie, and make thy name glorious for euer.

O lord, thou art puissant and great: and thy magnificence is vnsercheable.

One generacion shall shewe to an nother thy woorkes, and thei shall declare thine auncient noble actes.

Thei shall euer praise the magnificence of the glory of thy holines, & the memorie of thy great goodnes.

For thou art good and gracious to all men, and thy mercie excedeth all thy woorkes.

The eies of all men beholde and

and wayte vpon the: that thou shouldest geue theim their sustenaunce in tyme conuenient.

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest euery liuing creature with fode necessary.

O lorde, thou art rightfull in all thy waies, and holy in al thy dedes.

Thou kepest all theym, that loue the, and the torment of malice shall not touche them.

My mouth shall speake thy glory and prayse, and all liuyng creatures shall honour thy holy name for euer.

Prayse the lord, O ye his aungels, mightie in power, whiche do his commaundementes, and obey the voice of his worde.

Prayse ye all togyther god, O ye

O ye, all his hostes, you his ministers, that doe his wyll and pleasure.

Praise the lorde as I doe, and let vs magnifie his name together.

Praise the lorde, O ye all his saintes, for his name is glorious, and his preise goeth aboue both heauen and earth.

Prayse the lorde together, O ye, all his workes, euery thyng that liueth, praise the Lord.

Amen.

FINIS. XV. PSAL.

MORVM.

The

The .xxi. psalme of Dauid.

The complaint of Christe on the Crosse.



Y GOD, MY GOD, why haste thou forsaken me? it semeth that I shall not obteyne deliueraunce, though I seke for it with loude cries.

My god, I wyll crie all the day longe, but thou wilt not answere: and all the nyght longe, without takyng any rest.

The meane tyme thou moste holiest, seemest to sitte styll, not caryng for the thynges that I suffre: whiche so oft hast helped me heretofore, and haste geuen

to thy people Israell, sufficient argument and matier to prayse the with songes, wherwith they haue geuen thankes to the for thy benefites.

Our forefathers were wonte to put their trust in the: and as often as they dyd so, thou diddest deliuer them.

As oft as they cried for helpe to the, they were deliuered: as oft as thei committed them selfe to the, they were not put to any shame.

But as for me, I seeme rather to be a worme than a man: the dongehill of Adam: the outcast of the vulgar people.

As many as haue seene me: haue laughed me to scorne, and reuiled me, and shakyng theyr heades

heades in derision at me: thei caſt me in the teeth ſaiyng:

He is wonte to boſte and glo=rie, that he is in greatte fauour with god: wherefore lette god now deliuer him, if he loue hym ſo well.

By thy procurement (O lord) I came oute of my mothers wombe: and thou gaueſt me good comfort: euen whan I ſucked my mothers breaſtes.

Through thy meanes I came into this world: and as ſoone as I was borne, I was left to thy tuicion: yea thou waſt my god, whan I was yet in my mothers wombe.

Wherefore goe not farre awaie from me: For daungier is

euen nowe at hande, and I see no man that will helpe me.

Many buls haue closed me in, both strong and fatte, they haue compassed me rounde aboute.

They haue opened their mouthe agaynst me, like vnto a lion that gapeth vpon his praye, and rozeth foz hunger.

I am powred oute like water, and all my lymmes looſed one frome the other, and my herte is melted within me as it were waxe.

All my strength is gone and dzied vp like vnto a tile stone, my tonge cleaueth to the roofe of my mouth: and at the last I shall be buried in the earthe as the deade be wonte.

Foz dogges haue compassed me

me rounde about: and the moſt wicked haue conſpired againſt me, they haue made holes thorough my handes and my feete.

I was ſo vngentilly entreated of theim, that I myght eaſilie numbre all my bones: and after all the peyne and torment that they dyd to me, with greeuouſe countenance they ſtared and loked vpon me.

They deuided my clothes emonge them, and caſt lot for my cote.

Wherefore lorde, I beſeche the, goe not farre from me: but for as muche as thou arte my power and my ſtrength, make haſt to help me.

Deliuer my ſoule from daungier of the ſwerde, and kepe my

life destitute of all mans helpe, from the violence of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouth of the lion, and take me from the hornes of the vnicornes.

I will shew vnto my brethern the maiestee of thy name: and whan the people is moste assembled together. I wyll praise and set forth thy most worthy actes and deedes.

Al that worship the lord, preise hym, all the posteritee of Jacob magnifie hym, all ye that bee of the stocke of Israell, with reuerence serue and honour hym.

For he hath not dispised and set at naught the poore man, because of his miserie: nor he hath not disdainfully tourned awaie his face from hym: but rather

as

as soone as the poore man cried vnto him for helpe, he heard him by and by.

I will preise the with my songes openlie in a multitude of people, and I will perfourme my vowes in the syght of them that honour the.

The poore shall eate and bee satisfied: they shall preyse the lorde, that studie to please hym: and as manie of you as continue stil suche, your hertes shall liue.

All the endes of the worlde shal consider these thynges, and be tourned to the lorde: and all heathen nacions shall submitte themselfes, and do homage vnto the.

For the lorde hath a power royall, and an imperial dominion ouer the heathen.

The most mightie and greatest of all theym that dwell on the earthe, haue eaten, and after that they haue tasted the spirituall giftes of the lorde, they haue submitted theym selfe, and made humble suite vnto hym: yea and all the dead, whiche are buried in the earth, shall kneele and make reuerence in his honoure, because he hath not disdayned to spende his owne life for theim.

Thei that shal come after vs, shal honour and serue him.

These thynges shalbe written of the lorde, that our posteritee maie know & vnderstand them.

That

That thei also maie come and shewe these thynges to the people that shall be borne of theim, that the lorde hath dooen these thynges, whiche bee so meruailous.

A psalme of thankes geuyng.

Iubilate deo omnis terra.

REioyce and syng in the honour of the lord, all ye that liue on earth.

Worshyp and serue the lord with gladnesse, come into his syght and presence with ioy and mirth.

Acknowlage you, and confesse, that the lorde is that god, whiche hath created and made

vs, for truely we made not our selfe, but we bee his people and his flocke, whiche he nourisheth and fedeth continually.

Goe ye through his gates to geue him thankes for the innumerable benefyttes, whiche ye haue receyued of hym: and to syng throughout his courtes his worthy actes and deedes: praise hym, and highly commende his name.

For the lorde is bothe good and gracious, and his mercie is infinite: he is moste constaunt in kepyng of his promisses, not to one generacion onely, but euen to all.

A praier

A prayer for the kynge.

O Lorde Jesu Christe, moste high, most mightie, kynge of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princes, the very sonne of god, on whose ryght hande syttyng, dooest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth: with moste lowely hertes we beseche the, vouchesafe with fauourable regard to behold our most gracious soueraigne lord kyng Edwarde the syxte, and so replenysshe hym with the grace of thy holy spirite, that he alway incline to thy wil, and walke in thy way. Kepe hym farre of from ignorannce, but through thy gift, lette prudence and knowlage alwaie abound

bound in his royall hert. So in-
struct hym (O LORDE IESV)
reygnyng vpon vs in erth, that
his humaine maiestee, alway o-
bey thy deuine maiestee in feare
and drede. Indue hym plentiful-
ly with heauenly giftes. Grant
him in health and welth long to
liue. Heape glorie and honour
vpon hym. Glad hym with the
ioye of thy countenaunce. So
strength hym, that he maie
vanquisshe and ouercome
all his and our foes,
and be dread and
feared of al the
ennemies of
his realme.

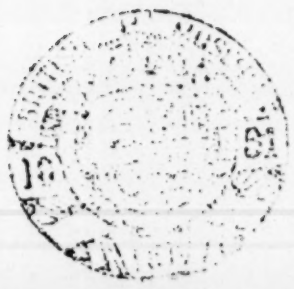
AMEN.

A praier for men to saie entryng into battaile.

O Almyghty kyng and lorde of hostes, whiche by thy angels, there vnto appointed, doest minister bothe warre and peace: and whiche dyddest geue vnto Dauid both courage and strength, beyng but a litell one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre, with his slyng to set vpon, and ouerthrow the great huge Goliath: our cause now beyng iuste, and beyng inforced to entre into warre and battaile, we moste humbly beseche the (O lord god of hostes) so to turne the hertes of our enemies to the desire of peace, that

that no chꝛiſtian bloud be ſpilt: oꝛ els graunt (O loꝛd) that with ſmall effuſion of bloude, and to the litle hurt and domage of innocentes, we maie to thy glozie obteyne victozie: and that the warres beeyng ſoone ended, we maie all with one herte and mind, knit togither in concoꝛde and vnitie, laude and pꝛaiſe the, which liueſt and reigneſt woꝛld without ende.

AMEN.



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